

A FUNERAL ELEGY ON THE Right Honourable the Lady VISCONTESSE CASTLETON.

FOR Birth and Beauty, height of modesty,
For Wit and Parts, sweet ingenuity;
A Mother dear, and eke a nature sweet,
A loving Sister, and a Wife most meet;
For a free heart, and eke a bounteous hand,
She scarce hath left Superiour in the Land.
Able she was with Learned men to reason,
Nimbly confuting Heresy and Treason.
In Common Prayers though delight she took,
Yet could she pray full well without a Book;
Her secret Prayers too (without abuse)
May be call'd Common from their frequent use.
She did not hate a Surplice, nor much love it,
But far prefer'd a pure life above it.
For Ceremonies she would speak one word,
But three for substance and fear of the Lord.
Her chiefest care still was for Christian walking,
She lov'd good practice, some love only talking.
She lik'd those Clergy that now Preach and Pray,
If by good life, they practis'd what they say,
As if they were in earnest, also some
She favour'd too, who late were stricken dumb.
A true Child of the Church she was, yet kind
To such as were not fully of her mind;
Courteous to all, of such sweet disposition,
Each sober man thought her of his Opinion.
Her dear Aunt Lister (whom she lov'd) and she,
How well in Heav'n now do they agree?
Her Speech was quick, yet all her Language such,
That none had cause to say it was too much;
Her habit modest, so that thereby no man
Need question whether she was man or woman.
Her neighbors found she did the hungry feed,
And many wayes helpt such as stood in need.
With her dear Lord she up to London went,
Whence she was call'd to Heav'n's Parliament;
While her Lord Sits i'th Lower House; now she
Sits in the House of Kings where all agree.
(May never Law be made below, but those
That with the Laws of Heav'n do justly close;
That do as well agree with those above,
As she and her dear Lord did here in Love.)
Now for this Lord, and for her Children dear,
For their great loss, I needs must shed a tear:
But none for her, who now hath gain'd a Crown;
Her God who lent her, call'd but for his own.
This Life's no Heritage, but a short Lease,
And well 'tis so; sooner our troubles cease.

Yet for poor Yorkshire-sake, lament I must
That Lincolnshire hath th' honour of her dust,
And yet no matter; for I know i'th end,
Her Saviour will a Habeas Corpus send,
And joyn her body to her Soul above,
To sit with Angels, Sing, and Praise, and Love;
And in the mean time, her Remaines here may
Sleep quiet till the Resurrection day.
As for her quondam Lord, in this short life,
He ne're can find (I think) a better Wife;
And for her Children, this I wish, they may
Be like to her; more then this none need say;
Only I fear, more will commend her dead,
Then will lead such a life as she here led.
In Yorkshire she was born, in London dead,
In Lincolnshire her dust lyes buried:
Thus North and South, and middle Countries are
Proud in this Lady, each to have a share.
York was, and London is, Lincoln shall be
For her dust sake, call'd chief of all the three.

Her EPITAPH.

Here lies Wit, and Noble dust,
Here lies honour cannot rust. next)
Here lies---(would you know whats
Worth that cannot be exprest.
This is all I can acquaint,
She was a Lady, is a Saint:
But it still more you would descry,
Let Angels tell it, and not I.
Labour to get where now she is,
And there behold her Soul in blis;
A pleasant sight there to be seen,
A Lady turn'd into a Queen.
A Belassis, and Sanderson,
A Castleton, all three in one.
Here lies, no wonder if you see
In each mans face a weeping eye;
For in her life none could afford
Gainst this blest Lady one ill word;
Her Lord and she they never strove,
Save who could most each other love;
And now when faith and hope are ceast,
Her love is still much more increast.